

INT. DISPENSARY - DAY

Mo Joe stands behind the counter, watches Alice in her Alice in Wonderland dress as she draws a Smoking Caterpillar sign on a white board. Beside him Providence, in sexy hippy garb, surfs her cell phone. Mo Joe's cell phone starts playing a TUNE. He answers it.

MO JOE

Yep... Bob. Thanks for sending me Alice... Don't bother with the denial routine... No, she didn't squeal. I guessed.

(laughs)

I decided to hire her anyway. It's all part of my new marketing strategy... Oh, you heard about that. Yeah, the Smoking Caterpillar. She's working on the sign at this very moment.

INTERCUT. INT. KITCHEN - DAY/INT. DISPENSARY - DAY

Bob sits at the table, on his cell phone, rolls his eyes.

BOB

Really. Well, that's fantastic. Just for your information, she doesn't work for me anymore. By the way, I met one of your employees yesterday. Sold me some CBD.

MO JOE

(glances at Providence; cagily)
Oh, are you a patient?

BOB

(as Mo Joe presses the mute button)
Uh, that's personal.

MO JOE

(to Providence)
Did you sell some CBD?

BOB (FILTERED)

(as Providence furrows her brow, shakes her head no)
I don't know why I'm telling you this, but you're going to go bankrupt selling CBD.

MO JOE

(unmutes phone)

I know, I know. Thanks for the warning.

Jennifer comes into the dispensary. Providence sees her, lights up and hurries to meet her.

BOB

What was the name of your delivery person again?

MO JOE

Huh? Oh, you mean Jennifer. Jennifer Young. Customers! Gotta go.

He distractedly disconnects the phone, sets it down.

Bob puts down his phone, swears to himself, then smiles conspiratorially.

BOB

Go ahead. Keep selling the CBD at a loss.